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Thursday: —

Dearest Lark: —

On account of the holiday, I only received your darling Monday letter this morning. Expect after lunch to get your Tuesday's letter. Honey, it's alright collecting the mail after a holiday of Sunday — but! oh! those mailless days are fierce, and I hate them, don't you?

Last night I spent at Mamie's house. Had supper there — Carrie K. did not go home with us as she was anxious to get home before late — and you know what travelling it is from Brooklyn to the Bronx. In the evening Nell & I went to the Colonial (you know that picture show house on Bway). While there we heard a song written by M. Freedman and sung by Joe Donnelly. The title of the song was — "I'll make you happy again". The words were so appropriate that

just nestled down in my seat was was in dreamland, hearing you sing that song to me. The name struck me, too, of course, and through the entire performance I was only with you. When I am with you precious, you are going to make me happy again, aren't you? As for going out, honey, I simply have no disinclination. And in fact, I have neither the time nor anyone with whom to go. Nell is very busy making preparations as we expect to leave very shortly. Rose cannot go to any show - and all in all - dear - I am saving my good times to spend with you. When I do come down, honey, we will both make up for what we miss now. What do you say? I know, everything seems so colorless now, and it is only honey, because you, with whom I desire most to be with, are not here. And so, Love dear do not fret about me. I am perfectly contented with things as they are now - for - before me dear - I have so much to look forward to - so much! And that Honey keeps me happy. Were it not for the fact that I am with you in Tennessee all day, in my thoughts, and were it not for the fact that I feel your nearness all the time - perhaps it is as you say, mental telepathy - I should be perfectly miserable. It is only when I am sharply brought to my senses, when I fully realize that I am only dreaming - that you are not with or near me - that I become helplessly miserable. But dear, I try to avoid this as much as possible and keep living in my own little world all the time, always with my precious hubby.

And now, Love that is all settled about the M.C. You are never to mention the money again only am I anxious to hear that you have become a member of the order. Then, Love, I should be happy. You know, dear, I want you to become famous, and I feel that

that would be a step towards it. I do hope precious everything will be along it. Have you heard nothing more concerning it?

And dear, before I go any further, I must tell you, once you cuddle me in your arms, I shall never never tell you to stop – only perhaps warn you to stop stopping. No, love, I have been without you so long to even feel that you can possibly make up what I have been denied. I only miss the time had already came. I am ready to take a chance even if my rose is endangered. For, love, what do I need a rose for, lipsto kiss, eyes to see you, a heart to store my love for you, and arms to embrace you. So, you see dear, I am not at all afraid, for it worse comes to the worse, perhaps you, too, might be minus a rose – and I shall have yours, you see.

As for the Lugan, tell him lovely. But I have washed, and washed, and washed my eyes until I have almost washed them out of their sockets – and still the same – only I see more plainly, what a wonderful, wonderful lucky I have. No doubt, dear, he has taken for granted that that light the photo shows is the slipshutter, but, assure him dear that it is only a trick of the camera. Give both the le + his wife my best regards. Am happy lovely, your office loops so nicely – and only hope that I shall soon see it through my own eyes. Am very happy, too, love

That thing are some amazing. Taking one of my lucky days. Is it a bit of a tight, I'll bet. Have heard nothing. Hope bring right down.